

THE
SONGS²

In the New Play call'd,

THE
Impostor Defeated;

OR,

A Trick to Cheat the Devil.

WITH THE

MASQUE

OF

CINTHIA and ENDIMION

In the Last ACT, as it is Perform'd

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year MDCXCVII.

Price Sixpence.

THE
O N G

In the New York City

THE

Impostor Defeated;

OR

What the Devil

WITH THE

M A R O U E



92.33010

7777226223

THE

In the New York City

THE

THE

THE

THE
SONGS

In The IMPOSTOR Defeated, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Artan waves his Wand, Simphony of Musick, as it is playing the Scene Changes to a Beautiful Garden, with Orange Trees of Each Side, and at the End Several Figures Enter, just as he Describes in his Last Speech, after the Symphony is play'd, a Man, and a Woman Representing two happy Lovers come forward, and Sing the Song.

Man. **H**OW Calm Elese are these Groves,

How sweet to Entertain our Loves.

Free from Sorrow, free from Care

Jealousy and black Dispair

In

In these sweet *Elefian* Groves
Calmly wee Enjoy our Loves.

Both. In these sweet *Elefian* Groves,
Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

Eles. Here no busy Noise of State,
Comes to Interrupt our Joys,
No Ambition to be Great
Does our *Halcyon* Peace destroy.

Both. In these sweet *Elefian* Groves
Calmly we Enjoy our Loves.

*A Dialogue Between a Jealous City Husband
and his Wife.*

Wife **W**HY, ah why, does Fate Decree
sings. That I still must Wretched be?

Must my Torments never Cease?

Can the Grave afford no Peace?

Must I, must I ever be

Plagu'd with Causeless Jealousy?

Pray

Pray now Husband pray be gone.

Hus. What You'd fain be Left alone,
You thought your self safe when you Quitted your Breath,
But Spouse you and I must not part;

As I watch'd you in Life, I'll watch you in Death,
And keep Horn free in spight of Your Art.

Wife. Pray what have I done?

Hus. Nay that you best know.

Wife. I never yet Injur'd you?

Hus. But you may do;

Wife. Indeed you Provoke me,

Hus. Indeed Wife I can't,

Old Men are to Feeble, 'tis Young ones you want.

Wife. I see you intend I shall never have Rest.

Hus. I see you Intend me, two Horns for my Crest,

But faith Wife I won't be made such a Beast.

Wife. I will not stay, base Man farewell.

Hus. I'll follow though thou Lead'st to Hell..

Symphony.

*Sforza Comes forward softly, in a
Mad Posture.*

Sforz. **P**Eace, peace no Noise, you'l wake my Love,
Oh! Softly, softly Let us Move,
Yet I'm afraid
The Charming Maid,
Forgets it is her Bridall-Day,
Or sure she'd hast to come Away,
Oh! Sleep, thou Envy'd Rival hence,
Resign to me this Beautious Excellence
Orpheus hast, Employ thy Charms,
Wake her softly to my Arms,
Bring thy Sweetest tenderest Strains,
Love will pay thee for thy Pains.

*A Symphony of soft Musick here. Mean time
Sforza stands fixt as if he Look'd on some Body.*

No more, no more 'tis all in vain,
For poor Erena ne're must wake again,
Her pretty Soul is Fled : before
On Wings of Angels Mov'd,
To tell how Sforza did Adore,
And how Erena Lov'd.

A Dance.

*After the Dance, a Symphony of Pleasant Mu-
sick, and then the two Happy Lovers come
from their Bower and Sing.*

Damon, { **A** H! How blest, how sweet it is,
Eliza. } Thus to Live in Endless Blifs,

Whil't poor Mortals, Sweat and Toyle

Tell our Cares to Love, and smile.

B

Here

Here we rest secure from Fear,
 Whilst on Earth all pains they Bear,
 Ah! how happy then are we,
 Who from all those pains are Free.

Grand Ch. Here we Rest secure from Fear,
 Whilst on Earth all pains they Bear,
 Ah! how Happy then are we,
 Who from all those pains are Free.

*After the Grand Chorus the Singers and Dancers
 go off, and the Scene Changes to the Grove that
 stood at the beginning of the Play.*

A C T III.

Scene Changes to a Magnificent Pallace, where is Discover'd the Duke Sitting in State, on his Right hand Marcellia, on his Left Hernando, Several Lords and Ladies on each side, while a Symphony of Trumpets, &c. is Playing. Guz. Junior, Enters : Hernando rises, and after a Complement Seats him by him.

After the Symphony, Fame comes Down from the top of the Stage to the front and Sings.

Fame. **H**A S T Quickly, take the Wings of Fame,
 Through all the Universe Proclaim,
 This Happy, happy day
 Which has Restored,
 Your drooping Lord,
 And fill'd your hearts with Joy.

Come, Come you Nymphs, come all you Swains,
Leave, leave your Soletary Plains,

Come *Damon* and *Phillis*

With Coy *Amarillis*,

Come *Corydon*, with thy Brown Dame,

Come *Bacchus* resort

To this Happy, happy Court

And bring here thy Jolly Train.

*Enter on the one side Corrydon, with Country Men
and Maids, on the other several Nymphs and
Shepherds, and in the Middle Bacchus with his
Train.*

Bac. **W**E come old Fame, what news hast thou to tell us,
I'me hear with all my Jolly, Jolly Fellows,
Who rise with the Sun, and Ranfack the Vine,
And when we no Longer can stand Sir,
For fear we profanely should Leave any Wine,
We agree to take Six in a hand Sir.

Cor-

Cor. And here's poor *Corydon*, with *Margery* and *Jone* Sir,
 With *Hob* and *Bristle*, face to know what you'd have done Sir,
 We cannot boast of Drinking too much Wine Sir,
 Because you know there is but Little Coin Sir,
 But if this Drunken God, will please to pay the shot Sir,
 Heres *Hob* and Little *Corydon*, will make him a meer Sot Sir,
 And when old Tunbelly lyes Snoring in his Bed Sir,
 We'le sober be Enough, to get a Maiden-head Sir.

Chorus of Clowns.

And when old Tunbelly, &c.

A Dance of Clowns and Country Maids.

*A Dialogue between Phillis and
Amarellis.*

Phill. **P**Rethee tell me *Amarellis*,
Why Each night you Sigh and Groan?

Ama. If you'd know the Truth my *Phillis*,

'Tis because I Lye alone :

Damon he falls of from Wooing,

And I'me very much affraid

Spight of all we have been doing,

I shall Live and Dye a Maid.

Phil. My *Alexeis* too grows Cold,

That was once so full of Fire,

Ama. Surely *Phillis*, wee grow Old

Or they Longer wou'd Admire.

Phill. Old *Amarillis*, pray what do you Mean,

You know your own self I am not Thirteen :

If he Looks for a Younger Wife e'ne Let him find one,

And if he proves Surly, I'll seek out a Kind one :

I'll

I'll not Sigh for Men in a place where there's Plenty,

'Twill be hard if I find not One Lover in Twenty.

Am. 'Tis bravely Resolv'd, I'll follow that Rule,

And Let silly *Dæmon* alone,

Phill. Nor shall Coy *Allexis* find me such a Fool,

To Love when I find he has Done.

Am. Therefore we'll Resolve no Longer to Pine,

Phill. Not I by my troth *Amarillis*;

Am. If *Strephon* Loves better then *Damon* he's mine,

Phill. And he that Loves me shall have *Phillis*.

A Symphony of Flutes.

A Shepherd comes forward and Sings.

Sheph. **H**appy we who Free from Love
Have no Cares to break our Sleep,

Who these Pleasant Meadows rove

Watching of our harmless Sheep;

When

When we feel the Evenings Air,
 And the Night invites us home,
 To our Cottage we repair,
 Where Content delights to come.

Here follows a Dance.

Fame. **H**appy Days, and Pleasant Nights,
 Wait upon this Royal Train:
 Endless Joys, and Sweet Delights,
 May that Lovely Pair obtain:
 Jealousy be far Remov'd,
 Sweet Content rest over there,
 May they Love and be Belov'd,
 And be Happy as their Fair.

Cho. Happy Days, **H**

ENDIMION

The Man in the MOON.

A

MASQUE.

Written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

A Scene of Fountains.

ENDIMION *Sleeping on a Bank.*

Menalcas, Dorus, Damon, Alexis *with other
Shepherds and some Shepherdesses are discover'd,
and some of them Dancing.*

Men. Come Shepherds, 'tis Night, and our Flocks are in
(Fold,
Come Dorus and Damon, we'll hast from the
(Cold,
To

C

To Coridon's Cottage wee'l go,

There the Liquor do's merrily Flow.

Da. Stay *Menalcas*, prithee Stay,
Endimion us'd to come this way,

Let us for *Endimion* Stay,

Cho. Let us for *Endimion* Stay,

Dam. *Endimion's* Flocks all go astray,
 Their Master strays as much as they,
 For yon Bright Moon *Endimion* sighs,
 For her he fondly pines and dies,
 Pity poor *Endimion's* pain,
 Poor *Endimion!* hopeless Swain!

Chorus.

Poor *Endimion!* hopeless Swain!

Alex. Why should not a Lover

This Whining give over,

Since nothing but sorrow it yields.

Dor. Rich *Egon's* Brown Daughter,

Has made my Mouth Water,
But by *Pan*, not for her, but her Flocks and her Fields.

See yonder he lies

Sleep closes his Eyes,

I'll wake him ———

Alex. No *Dorus*, no, let him alone,

I'll wake him ———

No *Dorus*, no, let him Sleep on,
Sleep is the Lovers only Ease,

By Sleep, of quiets he pertakes,
Gay Dreams of Bliss, his Fancy please,

But when they Fly, Dispair awakes
To those short Joys, the Swain wee'l leave,
The only Comfort, we can give.

Chorus.

To *Corydons* Cottage wee'l go,

There the Liquor do's Merrily flow.

Exit

Cupid Descends.

Sleep Shepherd, till thou wak'st in Joy,
 I've kindly Wounded *Cynthia's* Heart,
 Let coming Bliss, thy thoughts Employ
 She comes to Sooth, thy Raging Smart,
 Sleep Shepherd till thou wak'st in Joy.

Endi. She comes, my Goddess comes, I dream
 'Tis not for waking Eyes
 To See such wondrous Joys,
 Joys like my Mighty Love, extream,
 All Heaven is round me, — O I Dream!

Cynthia.

Awake *Endimion*, from above
 Thy *Cynthia* comes to Crown thy Love.

Endimion.

Oh I dream!

Sleep do's my wishing Soul deceive,

I wou'd, but dare not Believe.

I Dream:)

Cintbia.

In thy soft Dreams, true Joys appear

Awake, and see thy *Cintbia* here.

Endimion Starts and Catches her in his Arms.

She's here, I have my Goddess here.



*Cynthia and Endymion come in Attended by a Train
of Stars her Concomitans.*

Cynthia.

Here here, wee'l Raign in full Delight,
And thou Swain shall rule the Night.

Endi. Happy Beings here conceal

All the Pleasures, which they Steal,

'Tis the Scandal makes the Fault,

Still She's Chaste, who such is thought,

Love's delights are always sweet,

But when Secret, Sweeter yet.

Happy Beings &c.

*To the Grand Chorus Cynthia's Celestial Atten-
dants repeat the last Six Lines.*

FINIS.



